

THE
MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER.

Vol. II. No. 3.]

REV. J. P. COWLES, EDITOR OF THIS NUMBER.

[March, 1849.]

HINTS FOR THE SCHOLAR.

LEARN TO FIX YOUR ATTENTION. — The art is to be learned by *trying*. Begin at the beginning of the lesson before you, and endeavor to study without a wandering thought; and if your thoughts do wander, call them instantly back to their duty. Shut out not only every other subject except that of the lesson, but every part and point of the lesson, except the thing which you are next to master. Let every thing beside be to you as if it were not. Be absorbed in the work. Heed not the lapse of time, nor the approach of recess, or of dinner, nor the labor, nor the laziness, of others about you. The habit of attention will certainly be of immense value to you, and *may* be worth as much as your whole being and salvation.

MASTER EVERY STEP IN ORDER. — This means two things; the first, that your progress should not merely be marked by school-terms, or by the leaves of the book, but be altogether, in every part of it, *conquest, victory*. The second is, that it should be *orderly* conquest. To pass *over* a difficulty, instead of mastering it, will only make the next more absolutely insurmountable. The only *easy* policy for you is to be thorough, and understand every thing as you go. If you would make future lessons easy and plain, make yourself perfect master of the present. If you would lay up trouble and difficulty in abundance for coming days and lessons, — if you would pile Pelion upon Ossa, on purpose to be crushed, — then excuse yourself from every thing hard, and take only what is perfectly easy, in to-day's lesson. Do this every day, and when your class shall have finished the study, you may congratulate yourself on your perfect ignorance of the whole.

REVIEW MUCH BY AND FOR YOURSELF.—Let not the reviews of your class suffice. If you find the traces of past lessons on your memory growing dim and obscure, go back at once and carve them deeper. It is easier to revive impressions, which are just beginning to fade, than to restore them when wholly vanished. The scholar's economy lies in making and keeping all things in his mind fast and tight. In order to make easy and rapid progress, you need a memory at once so ready and retentive, that when you address yourself to your study it shall pour forth of its stores for your use, just those things which bear upon the present lesson. You need a memory that will secrete, at once and unfailingly, the precise solvent for the difficulty before you. If you would have such a memory, you must win it by diligent care and cultivation. If you would hold your knowledge in fee-simple against every claimant, you must occupy and use it. Turning over new leaves is not progress; but the riveting of old ideas faster, by perpetual use and familiarity, and continually adding to the nucleus of old knowledge some kindred principle or illustration that is new.

LEARN EVERY THING FOR ETERNITY.—Take this rule literally. You will forget soon enough at the best. Your memory will play the part of a treacherous sieve often enough, though you should aim ever so earnestly to hold every thing that you learn in everlasting remembrance. How much more, if you look not beyond the hour of recitation. In that case, you can expect nothing but that the ideas should vanish as soon as they have answered their end. It is the just punishment of such time-serving, that knowledge gained for the mere purpose of recitation is generally as short-lived as its aim and use. If you would retain the knowledge you get forever, you must mingle the element of eternity with it at the moment it becomes your own. Look infinitely beyond all examinations; and, being immortal yourself, make your knowledge immortal too. If science could perish, you might date the term of your intellectual possessions at something short of eternity; but if the things you are learning be true and imperishable, learn them once for all, and forever.

MAINTAIN A MODEST AND HUMBLE TEMPER.—Nothing will so clearly prove you a sciolist as the pride of science. Of course, it must be a simple and undeniable fact that you know, at the very best, but very little. If it be a fact, it is one which it must help you greatly, in every respect, to be sensible of; and of which indeed you cannot afford to be ignorant. If you consider yourself already increased in intellectual goods, you will of course conclude that you have need of nothing, and will take no pains to learn. He that thinks he is full, cannot be tempted even by a feast. Do not compare yourself with others, especially not with children, who of course must be babes in knowledge.

You may well lighten the sense of your *trials*, by thinking how many are in worse circumstances than yourself; but, for objects of comparison, in point of knowledge and virtue, always look above you.

AVOID VICIOUS INDULGENCES OF EVERY KIND. — You cannot have a clear head, nor a truly healthy body, without a clear conscience. Nothing is more effectual to drink up the scholar's spirit, and palsy all his intellectual efforts, than the pangs of shame and remorse. Therefore, govern yourself in all things, according to the plain dictates of duty and the law of God. *Under Him*, and with His help, reign with absolute sway over the subject kingdom of your appetites and passions. Make them submit and own a master, and be not you their slave. If you let pleasure permanently get the upper hand, there is nothing for you but to bid farewell to true wisdom and knowledge. There are many persons, of naturally fine intellectual powers, who are not reckoned insane, yet whose love for study is quenched in the greater love for vicious gratifications, and whose mental vision is strangely dimmed by the thick fogs of corruption in which they constantly dwell. If you would mount up with a true scholar's wings, if you would run your race without weariness and faintness, live ever in the sunlight of a clear conscience. Make the body servant to the mind, and both willing subjects of duty and of God.

SEEK LIGHT AND AID FROM ABOVE. — If the inspiration of God *gives*, it also *increases* understanding. The Maker of our faculties can easily give additional power to the workmanship of his hands. He can breathe new life into your soul, and make you of quick understanding in all your studies. He has unseen avenues to every department of your mind, and is able and willing to give help just when and where help is wanted. It is infinitely fit and suitable, when you set yourself to cultivate and improve that understanding which God gave you, and which is a feeble reflection and shadow of His own, that you should acknowledge the Giver of that understanding, and seek fervently His blessing on your studies, and His aid in all your difficulties. Communion with the Father of your spirit will give you a quick sensibility to truth, as well as duty, a collected attention, a clear judgment, a pure imagination, a clear conscience, with peace of mind, and a studious spirit. These are all essential to your highest improvement and success, even in the acquisition of human knowledge; and you know that without them there is for you no hope of happiness beyond the grave.

“Humility draws a veil over her own graces, and delicately discovers the excellences of others.”

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING WELL.

FOR a man to write well, there are required three necessities : to read the best authors ; observe the best speakers ; and much exercise of his own style.

In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner ; he must first think and excogitate his matter ; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely ; and to do this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate ; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve.

Repeat often what we have formerly written ; which, besides that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of sitting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest ; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not.

For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth ; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings. They imposed upon themselves care and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter showed itself to them more plentifully ; their words answered, their composition followed ; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing ; but good writing brings on ready writing. — *Ben Jonson*.

The greatest and most important discovery of human ingenuity is *writing*. There is no impiety in saying, that it was scarcely in the power of the Deity to confer on man a more glorious present than LANGUAGE, by the medium of which He himself has been revealed to us, and which affords at once the strongest bond of union, and the best instrument of communication. — *Schlegel*.

PERPETUITY OF INTELLECTUAL EXCELLENCE.

WHAT curious traveller to a foreign land never asks, whether himself, and if himself, then, with him, what luggage may, by the laws and customs of the country, be permitted to enter there?

And could he consistently laugh at any other folly, if, being permitted to gather, all along his track, what would make him a welcome and happy guest in the land whither he is going, he should cumber himself rather with whatever he most certainly knew must be stopped at the custom-house, and not indeed luggage only, but luggage, passenger, and all, seized and cast unceremoniously to the bottom of the sea?

Or, what merchant trading to a foreign port, never asks, What wares, what merchandise on hand, or purchasable, are of free entry there, what taxed, and what contraband of trade? Small profit, and much ridicule, would be his lot, who, little by little, with infinite pains, should gather together a cargo,—the single venture of his life, and carefully, with all hope apparently, should export the same, where, all the while, he certainly knew that, by laws more fixed than those of the Medes and Persians, not a particle of it could ever enter.

So, what reflecting person has never stood in thought, where he must soon stand in reality, on the perilous edge of Time ere it passes; and, standing there, has never asked, Precisely how much of myself and mine, so called, shall I be able to carry with me yonder? If anything, *what* must *perish* on the passage, or be dropped at the landing, and what *survive*? What wealth, what riches, are a permanent possession,—once gained, gained forever;—not to be reached by decay, or moth, or rust; impregnable to external force of every kind, enduring as the fast pillars of Heaven? What, having acquired, shall I lose? What shall I *not* lose; no certain, no possible event reaching to mar the good acquired, the unfading inheritance? And of this complex, miscellaneous result, called *education*, in particular, Will it live and survive the catastrophe of all animal existence? Is it all under one and the same law of perpetuity? Whether the training be moral, intellectual, or physical, is it all alike transferable and transferred beyond the grave; and if not, what part is dropped as useless, inapplicable to the future life, or untransferable thither? Moral character, intellectual training, mechanical skill, do *all* survive; and which, if any, is left behind?

We are treading, it may be thought, in part, on slippery ground, beneath a canopy of darkness. But perhaps Experience is a better light for the future than we imagine. There is something apparently so mysterious in our probable condition in a

future state,—we gaze so intently, so wholly, into the dark cloud that seems at first to rest on the grave and all beyond it, that we forget the evidence within and about us, as to what we shall be. But would it not be strange, if analogy were not some guide in all these inquiries? Does the Great Father of mind put us here to Intellectual and Physical toil, in utter uncertainty whether any lasting improvement, any enduring gain, can thence result to the being we call *ourself*, beyond the grave? Doth Revelation teach us that the Righteous shall be righteous still; and Reason and Nature *not* teach what is only less cheering and glorious, that the truly wise, learned, skilful, shall be wise, learned, skilful, still? Our darkness is not so great; our encouragements are not so small. We are better cared for. If all is not plain, enough is plain, to guide and stimulate pursuit and search where enduring treasures may be found.

Surely, whatever of scope and enlargement is gained by the *intellectual faculties*, must be permanent. Death hath no dominion over the mind. The shock—that great shock—may jar the machinery of the inner man. The living soul may, for a time, be overwhelmed by the throes and agonies of its dying companion; but from the ashes of the dead, with thick-coming memories of the past, with every faculty, every power, awake, alive, accoutred and at its post, it shall rise and stand, as it stood when the storm and tempest of dissolution came sweeping and crashing over it. Like a gallant ship with sails all set, and banners flying, overtaken suddenly, or aware, by the gale; for a season she is covered and hid from sight by the storm, the cloud, the foam, the wave, and many a pierced heart thinks she has gone forever; but look again, and she is out on the clear blue ocean, pursuing her way in peace and safety. So shall the living mind rise from the agony and shock of dissolving Nature, with all its faculties and furniture unharmed, and launch out on the ocean of eternity to meet according to its character, its own dread or happy destiny.

“Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven.” Spiritual good chiefly, beyond a doubt; but is that only meant? Every increment of power, every intellectual gain, every part and parcel of true mental discipline, is a treasure in itself, not the less, but the more, because it may be abused; indeed, no treasure else; and a treasure lasting as the mind, enduring as eternity, worthy to be laid up as a store in heaven. Knowledge is good; why not the power, and every increase of power, to get and keep it? With holy care, as the apple of his eye, does the Great Father of mind guard all true mental progress from being lost or destroyed. It may be a curse to its possessor; it may be blight and mildew to his soul everlastingly, in exact proportion to its extent; but it must be his own character that makes it so,

and not its own nature. We may learn and know only to suffer; we may cultivate apprehension, judgment, reasoning, imagination, and memory, only to make us capable of more wrath and anguish. But is the warmth of fire less a good, because, let loose, it layeth low the lofty city, and with it, all the hopes of thousands?

What should efface, what should permanently destroy our intellectual progress, turning us back once more to the beginning of existence, to the alphabet of all knowledge? Not the tendency of such culture, which is ever onward. Not death, which will only remove the rubbish, and leave the inscription clear and plain, — Mortality among the tombs, indeed.

Let us instance in *memory*. Is retribution, for every thought, word, and deed, possible, without the presence to the mind of every thought, word, and deed, of a moral character? And if all moral acts and states can be, must be, and are remembered, by the departed spirit, it will scarce be thought a thing incredible, that all other ideas, once really gained, should be remembered, and, much more, all real advance in intellectual power preserved; which last is indeed the main point, and will easily be admitted, though the possible recollection of all ideas once possessed should be doubted.

Here, then, is real wealth, that cannot be lost. The power, the habit, of attention, gained slowly, imperceptibly, little by little, may *seem*, but can *only* seem, to fail, with our failing tabernacle of clay. It is the exercise of the power, and not the power itself, that is affected by circumstances. It is an intellectual gain, whose natural perpetuity is not the least of its values. The worth of the habit, in this and every view, it is impossible to over-estimate. It is the master-key to the right and happy use of our whole intellectual power. It is the ground and essence of all successful exertion, intellectual, moral, physical. In vain is anything useful attempted without it. It could only be the attempt of brute force, mere impulse, with no chance of success, with a certainty of failure. It is a habit indispensable to be won, and when won, can never be taken away.

A clear and penetrating judgment, too, discerning things that differ, and joining together things that agree, putting light for light, darkness for darkness, good for good, evil for evil, of what priceless value to its possessor. Once trained, disciplined, with care, with pains, under a sense of duty to the Giver of all good gifts, will He let it perish? Will He suffer it to be plucked from the intellectual sphere, where in all dutifulness we have striven to place it, a crowning star? Are we called to purge our understandings from the mists of error, from the delusions of passion, to buy wisdom and instruction, and at no price part with our purchase, without knowing whether, after all, the order of nature

is not that we shall drop the whole and lose all our labor at death? A judgment made keen and strong and true, by its owner's voluntary toil and discipline, impelled in the right direction by an earnest purpose, — will the God who makes the sun to know unerringly its going down, leave it a prey to its original weakness and imperfection? Will he keep Nature to her appointed course, and turn back duteous and disciplined Mind to its worst, its only foes, to delusion, error, and sin?

The good logician, the careful reasoner, who is wise, as the Bible speaks of wisdom, shall wake from death and find his powers and materials ready at his hands, meet for their owner's use. He shall begin just where he left off, at the same round of the ladder, with nothing to retrace, no losses to repair, no scattered stores to gather from among the breakers, where his crazy bark has just gone to pieces. Beginning at the last link of his earthly investigations, he shall pursue the endless chain, link after link, truth upon truth, reaching towards, but never reaching, the Eternal Source, essence and explanation of All.

What danger is there that a cultivated imagination should perish, or wither? Should it be for want of food and exercise, in the spirit-land, in celestial fields, if admitted there, with a free permit and passport to the wonders of the universe? This endlessly creative spirit within us, instinct with life, teeming momentarily with births new and strange, forever knocking at the bars of this our narrow pinfold here, like a bird in its cage, alternately singing and pining, — will its native air be to it nothing but choke-damp, and Ambrosia, poison? Its new wings, and large liberty, only chains, a dungeon, barrenness, and death? That which now tries to soar and build on high, shall soar and build forever. If sanctified, it will be a blessing to itself, and an honor to its Maker; if unsanctified, a curse to its owner; like the cup at the lips of Tantalus, forever inviting, forever mocking.

Our stores of knowledge shall go with us through the great change. They are ours, under God, by indefeasible right, the right of the strongest; what can stop them? The earth holds our bodies by gravitation; we hold our knowledge by a power that only annihilation can destroy. We hold it by our will, in our intellect. Popish Edicts cannot expel it; dungeons cannot chill it; faggots cannot burn it up; death only lets in eternal sunlight on it. Idle, all idle, the thought, the attempt, to divest us, or of our being divested of what we know. Who, or what shall get into our mind, behind our knowledge, to drive it from us? Not a fat and dull popish priesthood, certainly. Not even insanity; for insanity ceasing, *there* are the old ideas, there is the old knowledge still, more or less fresh and lively.

How vast the expanse for the mind to range in the future world! Its fields of thought, new and old, how boundless, how

diversified! Of its old fields, the nature and relations of number, quantity, magnitude, the properties and laws of matter and of mind, the character, the relations of man and his Maker, constitute sciences so exact, so beautiful, so true, so important, so interwoven with, and lying at the foundation of the nature of things, that it is impossible they should not be to the just mind, the delightful study of Eternity. Will there not also be language in the land whither we hasten? Are we to look for some unknown, unthought of method of communication? Analogy points us to the old one perfected. Why not language in the spirit-land, not altogether unlike language as it is in this world? Our curiosity is permitted to ask and speculate; but let it not pronounce.

"It shall be the duty of all professors and teachers of academies, and all other instructors of youth, to exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth, committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity, and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, and frugality, chastity, moderation, temperance, and those other virtues, which are the ornament of human society, and the basis on which a republican constitution is founded; and it shall be the duty of such instructors, to endeavor to lead their pupils, as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the tendency of the above-mentioned virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and secure the blessings of liberty, as well as to promote their future happiness; and also to point out to them the evil tendency of the opposite vices." — *State Law*.

Teacher, how much do your pupils know of the history of the world, as *God's world*? Examine them in some part of this history. Take up the creation, the deluge, the Exodus of the Israelites, the conquest of Canaan, the Judges, the kings of Israel, the captivity, or the return of the Jews, the coming, the character, the teachings and works, the death and resurrection of the Messiah, or the early history of His church. See how much they know of the Bible, and whether they need any other instruction as they do biblical instruction. See if the result of your examination does not make you ask, "Am I not in a heathen land? Can there be such ignorance of the Bible in a Christian country?"

PUNCTUALITY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

WHEN General Washington assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently new members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over; and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston, in 1789, he appointed eight o'clock, A. M., as the hour when he should set out for Salem; and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont Street after his departure, and it was not until the General reached Charles River bridge that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the General with perfect good nature said, "Major —, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose of to the General, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The General appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter past five, when he was told by the groom that the General was there at five, and then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

Education never is and never can be finished. When we are trained for one duty, we straightway meet another, for which we must be trained. Nowhere does God say to us, Rest; you have attained; you are perfect. Increasing activity and higher responsibility is the order of things in this, and of course in the coming world. If there is no spot in time or eternity, where we can stop and say, We have done, then there is none where we can say we are absolutely fitted and educated to do, and need no more. Education is never absolute, but always relative. A man may be partially educated for one thing—for one state or period of his existence. He is not, therefore, educated for every thing that may be required of him in every stage of his being; nor can he more mistake than to think so. Vain, beyond expression, all this talk about *finishing* education. You might as well talk of finishing duty and existence.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY,

On the Importance of the Common Branches of an English Education.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND — I know you are deeply interested in every thing that concerns your education. You feel your time to be precious, the field of knowledge vast, your own wisdom small. You are prudently afraid lest you may not turn every one of the few golden days of the rapidly passing spring of life to the greatest possible account. You cannot overrate the importance of making a right selection among the very numerous branches of study within your reach. There are a few general rules which you need only look at carefully, in order to understand and appreciate them, and which, if well settled in your mind, will often aid you in determining which of several things to choose.

Whatever other branches you may study or omit, be sure not to omit those, the knowledge of which is generally diffused through the community. This is no more than a just regard for "whatsoever things are of good report" requires of you. However fluently you may be able to prate about those sciences whose names are so fortunate as to end in *ology*, if you are deficient in the common branches, it will diminish rather than increase your influence, except with the weak and superficial. They, conceiving that what they do not comprehend must be profound, will be quite likely even in your presence to speak of your remarkable powers and extraordinary attainments — a sort of praise which, to discriminating ears, can be no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. They, whose good opinion is really to be valued, will see through you at once, and pass a just judgment upon your character. Every sensible and intelligent person, from the farmer in homespun, that works with his hands six days out of seven, to the eminent professional man, whose admiration you may secretly covet, will be content with a single glance, and pass by on the other side. The latter will charge his wife to "see that our girls are well taught in the common branches;" while the former will exclaim, in his honest way, "Well, an ounce of arithmetic and spelling is worth a pound of this high flown stuff." The shrewd girls and boys that grew up at your side, and had only the advantages of the town school, from three to six months in the year, with such moments, besides, as they could snatch from work, for reading, will regard you with a feeling nearly and justly allied to contempt.

Again, these branches tend, more than others, to make you companionable. They will pave the way for pleasant and free intercourse with those around you. Were you expecting to take

the veil, or spend your waking hours in an office like a cell, or go through the busy talking world tongue-tied, the case would be different. But nothing of this kind awaits you. You expect and intend, I trust, to be *of* the world as well as *in* it. Demureness and misanthropy claim no blood relation with you, nor are they to be even distant acquaintances of yours. Much as you may wish to confine yourself to a small circle of intellectual and literary friends, in these your days of study, when books are an ever fresh delight to you, and are turning up mines of rich ore at every step, rely upon it, such will not be your destiny. Live where you may, and be your situation high or low in life, you will meet many persons of common minds and limited information. You must be as isolated as Robinson Crusoe, entirely to escape them. Talent and wisdom "from no condition rise." Money, teachers, and books, are often plentiest where every thing else is scarce. You will encounter people of a common stamp in your daily walks in life, even without going beyond the elm that shades your father's door. You will find them too valuable helpers in many a case of difficulty, and learn, ere you are gray, that they are pleasant and profitable friends. To be happy yourself, or to bless those around you, you must stand on common ground with such, as far as knowing the things they know will place you there. Otherwise, you have fewer stepping stones to their hearts and minds, and will both enjoy and profit them less than you might.

These branches are more valuable in themselves than any others, else they would never have become *common*, as they are universally called. It is their utility which has caused them to be selected as the groundwork of school education in every village and hamlet in the length and breadth of our land. They never would have been thus distinguished, if they had not been of the highest practical importance to every individual. It is impossible to read any tolerable newspaper understandingly, without a good knowledge of geography. This is in demand every day of our lives. Arithmetic, too, is absolutely necessary to save one from painful embarrassment and mortifying imposition. It is equally indispensable to the woman who carries her mop yarn to market, or who sells eggs, apples, and confectionary, at the corner of the street, and to her who goes shopping in her carriage; to the girl who sells berries at four cents a quart; to the cook in the kitchen; and to the lady who has domestics thick in attendance on every side. The young lady needs it when she buys her stationery, when she aids her mother in going on errands, and when she heeds her father's request, "Here, Mary, my old hands tremble, and my eyes do not serve me as well as they used to. You just reckon up and see how much I owe Mr. B. for $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of corn at *5s. 6d.*, 2 bushels

and 1 peck of potatoes at $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and $20\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of cheese at 9d." Or he says, "Here, Mary, take the pen and calculate the amount of this note, which has been on interest since May 13, 1836; and I have agreed to discount so much for immediate payment. Take care not to leave out the endorsements on the back." How much the hoary headed man values it, that "our Mary is so quick in figures, and always to be trusted as much as my grown up boys." Her heart is in her mouth, as she sees the tears on his furrowed cheeks, and overhears him, as she goes out of the room, say to her mother, "Well, I don't grudge what I laid out for Mary's schooling. She does not seem a bit proud, though she has studied as many things as Lawyer Wise's daughters. She is as ready as ever to help her old father, and as safe as Master Burnham." How much happiness is crowded into that little minute of the daughter's life. She would not exchange her "figures" for ever so many things that her father could neither understand nor appreciate.

I have seen a wife's eyes sparkle, when her husband has said honestly and proudly, with a little playfulness in his manner, to take off the appearance of boasting: "Well, my wife is about the best book-keeper in my employ. She is the best clerk I can get."

Then, again, when you mingle with children, as an aunt or sister, a mother or a family friend, how much oftener your knowledge of common branches will avail than any thing else, in helping the little ones you so doat on out of their difficulties. "Do, aunt," says one curly headed urchin, "help me some on this 139th page. I have been on this one page two whole days. I shall be so glad when I get through fractions." "And," says the darling niece, the other side of the table, "when you have shown him about that sum, wont you just tell me whether this is the subjunctive or potential mode, 'If I should go to Boston,' and I wish you would tell me, so that I can always know, just as you did about passive verbs." And the still smaller ones wish aunty "would just tell them a story to help them remember their geography, and then they will certainly be willing to go to bed." Such requests as these you must expect often in life. "I never understood this, till mother showed me, and told me how it was," says a bright child, who is helping her companion to solve some hard question; or, "I know who there is to show me this evening; do I not, Anna," casting a knowing glance at her grown up sister.

To her who expects to be a teacher, these things are essential. It is true, some rare attainments do command more money, but they are like costly furniture, seldom called for; while those branches of which we have been speaking are the very air and water in which those around us live, move, and have their being.

Besides, these common branches lie at the foundation of the higher and more difficult studies. The more you know of the former, therefore, the faster you can advance in the latter. You can do little or nothing to any purpose without them. Your edifice, top heavy, will totter to its base and crumble about your ears. What can you do in natural philosophy or astronomy without arithmetic; in moral philosophy or rhetoric without grammar; or in history, or almost any thing, without geography? You might as easily practise reduction without knowing how to add and subtract. You must be content with skimming along the surface. If you venture to dive to any depth, it will be a descent without a resurrection.

If, my dear, there is one of these fundamental studies, which you have suffered yourself, or which others have suffered you to neglect, if it be nothing more than the vulgar art of learning to spell; you cannot too soon set about making up the deficiency. Give no ear to the plea, "I do dislike it. I have a natural aversion to it, and it comes so hard to me." Say not, "I can learn these things any time." What can be done any time is most likely not to be done at all. Besides, you cannot afford to remain any longer unacquainted with these essentials. You will suffer daily for the want of them. The ignorance of time past should abundantly suffice. Do not expect to make up what is wanting in a few general lessons. An educated minister, in New England, in a lecture to young men, distinctly recommended to them to acquire geography by general principles; as if Moscow and Ispahan, the Andes and Himmaleh mountains, were not only located on the face of the earth, but their location could be ascertained by general principles. If you take this advice, your knowledge will all be general enough, and none of it particular. But if you wish to be a thorough scholar, you must begin regularly at the A, B, C, and tread patiently the common road. I care not what speed you make, if you are sure-footed, and take pains to traverse the whole ground, details as well as principles. Indeed, on many subjects, the knowledge of particulars alone can lead the way to generals. God has so ordained it, that almost all our knowledge is gained by induction. It is not only the philosopher's, but the farmer's and the mechanic's, and indeed every man's natural way of arriving at principles.

A teacher in one of our large cities, when asked if he found his pupils deficient in such studies as geography and arithmetic, replied, "O, yes; some are, but we cannot *mortify* them by putting them to such branches. They would not bear it at all. Those who understand these things succeed better than the rest, but the others must get along as well as they can." I am afraid, before this, many of his rich pupils have blushed purple to their foreheads, on account of mistakes into which they have fallen for want of those things, which it would have mortified them to learn.

LA PENSION BRIGUET.

M. Briguet's School, at Geneva, Switzerland, by a Young Man who went to it.

COMING out of the "*Porte Neuve*" of the beautiful city of Geneva, and crossing "*Plane Palais*," that common so thronged with nurses and children on Sunday, you enter a small lane, with high walls on each side, which brings you in a few minutes to the Briguet school, now the best of the town.

On entering the gate, you find yourself in a five-sided yard, containing about two acres, which was formerly divided into grass plats; but the spinning of tops, the running and playing of the boys, with other like causes, have now almost entirely shorn it of verdure. It is hemmed in on three sides by a cemented stone wall, from twelve to fourteen feet high; on the fourth by a hedge, once strong and healthy, but now full of gaps and holes, made in it by the running and jumping of active boys; and on the fifth and last, by a row of trees and bushes, which are made into a barricade something in the Robinson Crusoe style, by sticks stuck in the ground, and held together with wires. Here and there a clump of trees and bushes, occupying twenty or thirty square feet, and palisadoed in like style, or an isolated tree, adds to the beauty of the grounds.

Within this inclosure are the buildings of the institution; three of them two stories and the other one story high; two are of wood, and two of stone. In one part of the yard is a gymnasium, with the usual apparatus; another spot is set apart for ninepins, another for playing ball.

The first building on the right hand, as you enter, is exclusively used for school purposes. The whole lower floor is taken up by a large school room. The second floor is occupied with a smaller school room, the private cabinet of M. Briguet, owner and head-master of the school, and with another smaller room, where a drawing lesson of an hour is given each day, and recitations heard at other hours. There are four rooms in the other buildings, set apart for recitations. M. Briguet presides in the *large school room*, and hears there the more advanced students in Latin, Greek, &c. The most confidential, or oldest, sub-master has charge of the smaller school room, and hears his recitations there. Lessons on the piano are given in the dining room, and both that and the wash room are used for recitations when all the others are occupied. Both these last rooms are in the second building, where are the rooms of M. Briguet and family, eleven sleeping rooms for the students, kitchen, rooms for the servants, and for the ordinary wants of a family. The wash room is the common place for daily ablutions. It is furnished

with thirteen bowls for twenty-two or twenty-three scholars; those coming last being obliged to wash their bowls before they wash themselves. The boys are not obliged to wash *there*, as there is a pump in the yard, preferred by many, being cleaner and more healthy.

There were fifty-two pupils in the school when the writer left; five were Americans, one English, one Russian, one Cossack, five Italians, two French, one German, and thirty-six were from different parts of Switzerland, principally from Geneva and its environs. The ages of the boys were from nine to eighteen or twenty. From twenty to twenty-five of the boys were regular boarders, the others came from town every day, and only took the noon meal, or the five o'clock lunch, at the school.

As to our sleeping accommodations, never more than two boys sleep in one room. The little boy's rooms are all in the garret, lighted by the projecting roof windows, so common in the attics of German and Swiss houses. The smallest is from ten to eleven feet long and eight wide, low under the eaves, but seven or eight feet high in the highest part, with one window. In it there are two single beds, two chairs, one small table, and a looking glass. I never saw an inch of carpeting in any room of the establishment, unless in winter on Madame Briguet's parlor, and this is very much in accordance with the custom of the country. The rooms of the older and more advanced scholars are much more agreeable, being of good size, and well aired and lighted, but are refused to any applicant unless he is of good standing. They are furnished in precisely the same style as those of the other boys. The bedsteads are from five and a half to six feet long, and three feet wide. Upon the bedstead lies first a straw bed, which is changed once a year, next a mattress, which is shaken up just as often, and which in its best estate is three inches thick. Between the mattress and the under bed, there is a straw pillow, the only thing of the kind about the bed. The sheets are very coarse. In summer, the scholars have a counterpane, and in winter a blanket, and a feather bed, two or three feet square, in addition. Water frequently freezes in doors, and there is some snow. We were glad to add our clothing to the other covering in such weather. There is a master to every suite of sleeping rooms. There is never a fire in any of them, unless the occupant is sick, and this is an unfrequent occurrence.

There are from seventeen to twenty masters employed in giving instruction; three of them spend all their time in the school, and the others come from Geneva, and spend one or more hours according to engagements. The two submasters, who reside at the school, keep order out of doors, accompany us to walk and to church; they hear lessons in different branches, and teach the younger scholars. Other masters are employed to teach math-

ematics, (geometry and algebra), English, German, Italian, Greek, drawing, music, writing, book-keeping, fencing, and some other miscellaneous branches.

The recitations occupy always one hour each ; never more, nor less. I was never occupied with a teacher less than five hours a day, and often seven. If the recitation is completed before the hour expires, the teacher takes up the time in explaining the next lesson, rarely giving any thing to be learned that has not been previously looked over by himself and the pupils together. The student can ask any question while hearing the lesson explained. He is not allowed to write any thing down, but compelled to trust to his memory. The number of boys in a class varies from two to fifteen, but is more commonly five or six. There are very seldom more than eight, and only in some such exercises as spelling are there as many as twelve. If the scholar does not know his lesson, he is simply kept after school till he does ; or if he is too stupid, a few cuffs may fall to his lot ; none but the head-master ever coming to such an extremity, and he but rarely.

The lessons are recited in different ways, sometimes by written answers, and sometimes verbally. In History, the answers are written. The master, for example, says, "The treaty of Westphalia ; between whom, and its conditions." Each scholar in the class is then required to write his answer in a small copy book. When, in the judgment of the master, a sufficient time has elapsed, he gives out another question, and the boys again write. After the recitation he takes the books, corrects the answers at his leisure, and returns them at the next recitation hour, reporting at the same time whether the boy has recited very well, well, well enough, tolerably well, passably well, bad, or very bad. After collecting these copy books, the master calls on one of the boys to read on in the next day's lesson, and he explains all that can be misunderstood or not comprehended. In the same manner Geography was recited, and some other studies. If a lesson had not been previously explained, the boy would be believed and not punished, who should give as a reason for failure that he had not understood it.

In Mathematics, we were not allowed to go over any thing without explaining it. If we could not explain the whole of a lesson in the prescribed hour, a certain portion of it was put over to the next day. We did not use the black boards, or slates and pencils, in reciting arithmetic and algebra, but always pen, ink, and paper. The arithmetic class were required to bring every example to the class wrought out, with a full explanation of the operation written under it, in language not technical, but capable of being understood by one very little acquainted with arithmetic. The teacher, after attending to

the lesson of the day, would demonstrate the theory of the next lesson on the black board, stopping occasionally, and calling on the boys to explain after him, to see whether they understood it. If any more time remained, he would work out an example or examples on the board before them, and explain the process in the manner they were expected to do the day following. Geometry we always recited verbally, drawing our diagrams on the black board.

Orthography was always attended to by writing; the teacher dictating sentences to a large class at once, and correcting the sentences afterwards. Of course, this and every other ordinary exercise was conducted in French, the language of the canton of Geneva. The older boys read French authors, with an accomplished teacher of reading. No declamation or speaking, or any thing of the kind, save this reading, is known in the institution.

Twice a year the head-master gives out the order of recitations for the succeeding half year. We are then required to fix on the hour on which we will learn each task, and to write both on a small card, called an "Agenda," which we keep at our desks.

I will now give the history of an ordinary day.

The servant enters the rooms and wakes the scholars, a little before six in summer, and a little after in winter. They must be dressed, washed, and in the larger school room at half past six in summer, and at seven in winter. The head-master reads a few verses in the Bible, and repeats a prayer, all of which occupies about five minutes. Then each one falls to studying what he has marked out on his *agenda* for that hour. Ten minutes before eight the breakfast bell rings. Breakfast consists of one cup of coffee, very weak, and never more, but as much bread as we like. The bread is coarser and darker colored than our fine wheat bread, stale and dry. It is baked in thin loaves, from one to two feet in diameter, once a week, and of course is not often fresh, but is always light and sweet. As for butter, it is never seen more than twice and seldom more than once a week, on Sunday, and sometimes on Thursday evenings. Warm bread, in any form, I never saw during the years I spent in the institution.

At ten minutes past eight the school bell rings. The pupils who have recitations at that hour go to them, and those who have not, return to the school room and engage in the study assigned on their agenda for that hour. There is little to be noted from that time till ten o'clock. Scholars go and come to and from the recitation and school rooms, as their duty requires. At ten, there is a recess of ten minutes, when each one can have a piece of the dry bread, and few refuse it. No fruit

seller is allowed ever to come on the premises, and we were strictly prohibited from sending by the boys from town for eatables. None, but a few of the older and more trusted boys, go outside the premises, except in company and guardianship of a teacher. Perhaps this may partly explain why dry, stale bread is so welcome at ten o'clock. One slice is all any one is allowed. After the recess, all goes on as before till twelve, when we are released for the morning. At that hour, in summer, we go to bathe at the public baths of the city, which are kept by a guardian paid by the town, and are free to all. In winter, each one passes the hour as he chooses till one, when the dinner bell rings, and there is once more a rush to the spacious dining room and its long table. Each one takes his place, knowing it from the number on the ring around his napkin, which napkins, by the way, are as large as bathing towels, and are changed every week. At each place, there is invariably a plate of soup, not particularly palatable to American boys, but liked well enough by those from the vicinity. Whether we like it or not, we cannot dispense with it in any other way than by swallowing it. The plates are of common white ware, the tumblers are small, the bread-trays are of tin, the forks are of silver, and the knives are of every variety. The mistress carves and distributes. The man-servant carries around the portions and the bread. Madame has before her, when the meal commences, two enormous platters of the most common vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbage, squash, or salad, and one dish of meat, generally boiled beef or veal. She first helps her husband, next the sub-masters, and afterwards the boys, without any particular order. One portion consists of a piece of meat, not over large, and a spoonful of one kind of vegetable, the three never being given at once. The boys may be helped twice. It is not the custom to have any religious service at table. The manners of many of the boys are coarse and rude. If they become so noisy that Madame cannot hear what is said to her, they are checked on that account. Each one comes in at the top of his speed, gets helped as soon as he can, eats as fast as possible, talking all the time, gets served again at his earliest opportunity, devours it with incredible rapidity, and goes out. As to the rules of etiquette, they are dispensed with, except by the masters, and a few of the older scholars. These often engage in discussion, and become greatly animated. There is such a buzz, that you must talk rather loud to be heard. The news of the day is discussed, anecdotes are related by the chief master, and the meal is ordinarily quite pleasant. The time is passed by each in his own way till two o'clock; any one can imagine how fifty boys would employ such a half hour. At two, we resume our school duties, at four we have a recess of ten minutes, at five we assem-

ble in the dining-room for a lunch, consisting of the same kind of bread and one of the following things with it; a cup of weak coffee, or a piece of chocolate, as large as three fingers, or a cup of milk; or, in summer, a plate of the fruit most plentiful at the time. We may have our choice, but we must abide by it, without changing, for a month. We have twenty minutes for this "*gouté*"; then back to the school-room till half past six in summer and seven in winter, when all work for the day is finished, except to the unlucky wight who has punishment to undergo, or a lesson to be recited over again.

Thus it will be seen that nine hours of the day are spent in study and recitations. It should be mentioned, however, that the order of the school-room is by no means strict. A boy, for any good reason, such as to borrow a book, a pen, or the like, may leave his seat and converse with his neighbor. If, however, several are walking about, and the room becomes too noisy for M. Briguet, he generally punishes, without distinction, all who are away from their places when he turns his attention to the subject. Whispering is neither forbidden nor allowed, and is not punished unless it is too frequent or too long continued.

To go on with my history of a day. At half past six, in summer, we are released, and three times a week, at that hour, lessons in gymnastics are given by a teacher. As these exercises are much disliked, many are the ingenious pretexts to get released from them, and they generally go on in a very listless and uninteresting manner. The dining-room is lighted, and in winter warmed as soon as it is necessary; that and the yard are free to all. The older students can get candles in the kitchen, and retire to their own rooms to read or write, if they choose. At half past eight, or a quarter to nine, the bell rings for supper. This meal resembles closely that at twelve o'clock, with the exception of the soup, and the addition of a second course of pudding, cooked fruit, or something of that kind, just good enough, and just enough of it, to make us wish there was more. Tongues go as fast as knives and forks, which, by the way, Madame never allows us to strike together. Interesting conversation is often carried on. The merits and defects of different poets, or like matters of literary interest, are often discussed by the more advanced scholars. A subject once started, the talking rarely stops till the meal is concluded. Then candles are brought, and all go to their rooms. The smaller boys have their lights ten minutes, and then the servant takes them. The older ones have theirs from a half hour to an hour.

The history of one week day is the history of all, except Thursday, when we have holiday in the afternoon. Those who

have friends in the vicinity, go to see them, and the others go to walk with a teacher, around the city, the two undermasters arranging between themselves who shall conduct us.

The vacations do not amount to more than four weeks in a year. The longest is two weeks, and comes the latter part of July. During this vacation, those in the family from abroad, whom the master judges strong enough, and those of the town whose parents desire it, take a journey in some of the more interesting parts of Switzerland, France, or Italy, not too far from Geneva. We carry knapsacks with various articles, of which the weight is from six to sixteen pounds; we walk from twenty to thirty miles a day. We generally took three meals a day, although we walked once twenty-five miles on a very rough, but very sublime mountain road, without taking any thing from nine in the morning till about nine in the evening. Sometimes the school is recommenced by the under masters before the travellers all get home. For the rest of the month of August, we are in school only five hours a day.

We have four or five days again about New Year's, and about the same at Easter. Notwithstanding the length of the terms and of the daily sessions, the scholars enjoy excellent health and spirits.

There were three examinations each year, preceding the three vacations. In some classes, questions are asked and answers given verbally. The more common method is to give out twenty or thirty questions on the subject, to shut the class up in a recitation room, and to keep them there with a master until each one has given in his list of answers. In some studies, as that of Mathematics, the questions are written on slips of paper, turned the written side down, and each boy draws one and must answer it before the school. When an examination in any study is commenced, it is not adjourned till completed, however long it may take. Several classes are often examined at the same time. The examination in composition consists in giving a subject to each class, and an hour or two for writing, the master reviewing and deciding upon them afterwards. If the number of questions put is twenty, and the scholar answers fifteen correctly, he is credited fifteen twentieths, or three fourths; if twelve, twelve twentieths, or three fifths, and so on. The maximum is always announced. For a short time before the examinations no advance lessons are given, and every class reviews. All lessons are suspended for a day or two before the examinations. There is never any company present. Those who fail to pass a good examination, are set to making up their deficiencies, as far as possible, in August; while the others, who spend the same time in the school-room, are left to employ their time, in a great degree, at their own discretion.

The expenses of scholars, whose home is at the school, are from one hundred to one hundred and twenty francs per month. Many of the studies were charged as extras, as German, English, Italian, Music, Drawing, Fencing, &c., and these charges considerably increased the bills.

It should have been mentioned elsewhere, that in one of the buildings there was a cave like room, devoted to Fencing, very wisely chosen, as it was the coolest of the establishment. The only furniture is one or two stools. There is a closet for the masks, foils, &c., of which the fencing master keeps the key.

It will be seen that to all who wished to learn, the Briguet school afforded ample facilities; and, for my own part, I never expect to pass any three years of my life more pleasantly than that portion of it spent there.

Is not the BIBLE the manual of "piety, justice, and veracity; of patriotism, humanity, and universal benevolence; of sobriety, industry, and frugality; of chastity, moderation, and temperance; and of all those other virtues which are the ornament of human society, and the basis of a republican constitution?" Can these virtues be taught in any way so effectually, as from the Bible itself? Can our youth, from age to age, be taught the Christian and social virtues, unless they are steeped in the living fountain of the *Word of God*? Can teachers suitably and effectually inculcate these virtues, and dissuade from the opposite vices, without the Bible for an authorized and required text-book, to be read and studied in some manner, in every school? Must not *time*, also, be allowed for this study? Is it fair for a legislature to impose a duty on teachers, without giving them the means, or the time, to perform the duty?

Let it not be said, that it belongs to school committees, to introduce the Bible as a text-book, or not, as they choose. It belongs to the legislature, as a *duty, always*; and it belongs to them as a matter of *consistency*, just so long as they require of all instructors of youth to teach those committed to their care, the principles of all the Christian, social, and civil virtues.

No wonder that those undervalue the teacher's office, who have never been taught. The results of a good education reach far beyond their short vision. They measure every thing by its immediate product in dollars. Such people's censure is a favor. Commend me to their condemnation. It does good like a medicine.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

For shortness' sake, and not at all by way of dictation, these hints are put in the imperative mood.

MAKE YOUR PUPILS ALWAYS ENUNCIATE DISTINCTLY. — Whether they recite, or read, or speak to you at your desk, make them fully and clearly utter what they have to say. If you have had one day's experience in a school of five scholars, you will have seen the necessity of this. Insist upon it. We have silent letters enough in all our English words, made so by universal custom. Do not let your pupils add to the number. Make them give due honor to every spoken letter, by giving it full utterance. Laziness of lungs will breed other laziness, if it be not broken up. Pupils who do not exert their vocal organs for school purposes, are in danger of being slack in all outward action. If they are to be made energetic men and women, they must be made to cease *mumbling*; as though they were eating, instead of uttering, their words, and grudged you every sound you could distinctly hear. In reading, it is not the quantity attempted to be read, but the quality of the enunciation, that determines the scholar's profiting and your own success. Though you may have only passed over a single sentence, there is much done if you have caused every sound to be fully given. Let not the pupil jump through his passage, as if he were going on an errand or running a race. Stop him, and make him dwell on the first word, or clause, till he has given it fully and distinctly. Every thing else in good reading will generally follow, if you can secure clear enunciation. This will secure deliberate apprehension of the sense, from which alone the right emphasis and tones can proceed.

MAKE YOUR PUPILS GIVE FULL ANSWERS IN RECITATION. — Do not take it for granted that more is meant than meets the ear. Let them leave nothing to be understood by default of being expressed. Take not hints for answers, and discourage that Spartan brevity, which only shadows forth what the scholar ought to mean. To make him *give*, will make him *get*, full and complete ideas. It is obscure and half conceptions that beget imperfect answers; and allowing the latter, will tolerate the former.

MAKE YOUR PUPILS DO THEIR OWN WORK. — Give them the laboring oar. It is often vastly easier for you to do their work than to make them do it; but you are not engaged and paid for reciting lessons, but to make your scholars get and recite them. It is no part of the bargain, that, for the sake of your own ease and comfort, you should take a pupil's place and duty, and so deprive him of his profit and improvement. You can

lead, but do not carry, unless you would perpetuate an infant's imbecility. Assist, even, sparingly; and rather less, than more, than the pupil needs. He may *seem*, but will *only* seem, to be making slow progress. He will be adding daily fresh increments of power and discipline, which is the only true and valid progress. Be content to see him peering into a millstone, and leave him at it. It will do him good. It is the way geniuses are made. Do not frustrate the birth of a great intellect by excessive help. If you would make your pupil vigorous, give him hard work to do, and let him do it. Let him know no such things as translations in the languages, and let him have sparing aid from commentaries. Let him make out his demonstrations in Euclid for himself, and everywhere walk on his own feet, see with his own eyes, and advance by dint of his own thinking powers. You cannot insert even knowledge into a pupil's mind by merely repeating it in his ears; much less can you engraft needful intellectual discipline upon him by impressions made on the auditory or the visual nerve. Lectures never yet made a scholar. If a scholar is made, it is by the same independent study that makes a good lecture. The great use of schools and colleges to the true student is, to furnish a palestra for the mind, — a place and circumstances adapted to mental effort, — free time and opportunity to do one's best in study. It is not instruction, but study, that imparts the scholar's wings; and you make a good school, if you make your pupils study as well as they can. If you do not do this, your apparatus, and lectures, and instruction, will do no good, but to swell you with the vain conceit that you have taught something, and your pupils with the like vain conceit that they have learned something.

DO YOUR OWN PROPER WORK WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT. — Your proper work being to make your pupils do theirs and do it well, you will find that it needs your whole might to do it. If your business were to repeat knowledge in your scholars' ears, the above hint would be out of place; since it would be like exhorting you to do your utmost to slide down hill on the ice, — always supposing that you already thoroughly understand what you profess to teach. But to stimulate and rouse, — to give life to a clod, — to make the blind open their eyes, — *under God*, to create mental discipline, and, I had almost said, *mental power*, — this is a work as far transcending in difficulty any ever done on the most refractory material substance, as the value of the product is greater. In humble dependence on Him whose inspiration giveth understanding, call on the intellectual dead about you, and try to make them stand on their feet, and exercise the functions of thinking beings. Do your best to put them, and keep them, under the highest pressure they can bear, consistently with permanent health. As to most scholars, it is

impossible to make them study so hard as to hurt them ; and you need have no fear on that head. You need be at no expense for curbs, so be that your spurs are all right and well used. Do not grudge your time and strength to your work. Give both freely, and economize them for it. Religiously consecrate and set yourself apart — all there is of you — to the work of moving and guiding the minds committed to your care in the paths of virtue and knowledge. Have none but school-irons in your fire, unless you would fritter away your mental and physical vigor, and be worth little or nothing to your scholars. Live for them, and count them worth living for that you may do it. Nothing but zeal in you can beget zeal in your pupils.

MAKE YOUR SCHOLARS OBSERVANT OF THE DISTINCTIONS OF RIGHT AND WRONG. — Wherever the distinction exists, that is, in all things that have a right and a wrong, let it appear and be made prominent in your school. Let all your own conduct hinge on this principle, and insist upon it that it should be so with your pupils. Cultivate their understandings and their manners to the utmost ; but, above all things, cultivate conscience. Familiarize your charge to the inquiry, *Is it right?* Let it be seen that it is the first and the last inquiry with yourself, and that you are, in heart and life, honest and upright. The work of developing conscientiousness must be daily and hourly. Esteem it a regular school duty to teach your scholars to know and do the right, to know and shun the wrong. This will be found a work indeed ; but it must be done, and when done, it is full of priceless results. No good that you can do to the pupil will be so valuable to him ; none will be so gratifying to yourself in the review, none will so secure the approving smile of the Great Author of Virtue, as the due training of your pupils' consciences and hearts. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever."

What most scholars want is not *genius*, but *clear* and *steady* application. Almost all would make rapid progress, if they could be brought to economize and apply the mind they have. The great difficulty with the young is, that sense carries it with such a high hand over reason. The visual ray is so darkened by the mists and exhalations of the earthy part, that the many grope in their studies as in the night, and at the best see men as trees walking. If we could administer chloroform to some of the senses of our scholars, and leave their intellects unclouded and bright, dull recitations, and slow progress, would soon become matters of history. It is slandering God, to say that blockheads are in his image. Their dulness is their own work.

PERPETUITY OF MORAL EXCELLENCE.

ALL disciplined virtue, all cultivated moral excellence, is an imperishable possession, a good part, not to be taken away. It is in Heaven's own keeping, and watched over with the choicest care. Are not the *characters* of the just as safe as their *persons*, both incapable of being plucked out of the Guardian Hand of the Great Defender of Virtue? A Conscience, faithful and true to the Law, wakeful as the eye of its Author; a stern and incorruptible Integrity of Purpose, impregnable in God's strength, like Abdiel the more steadfast when all others forsake; a true Humility, happy as the happiest in its low estate, inaccessible to chagrin, attractive to Heaven and to Heaven's best gifts, and not, like lofty towers and swelling pride, to its lightnings; a Benevolence, too blessed in its own proper luxuries to ask for more, growing with every act, permeating the man, informing the life, fulfilling the Law: these graces of the spirit are of such transcendent worth and beauty, that they can charm the cold features of death into a smile, and make the possessor a welcome and happy guest for aye in Heaven.

Virtue is the one great result of this vast scheme of things in the midst of which we live, so complex and incomprehensible, so manifold in its details and interlacings. This is the great ocean to which all the streams, the courses, of Providence tend, and are made to contribute. It is this that gives to all else the value it may possess. All else is scaffolding; this is the edifice. It is the end, while all beside is but means and measures, unthought of, uncared for, but for their tendency to the invaluable, the everlasting result of the whole. Shall Virtue, suffering, neglected, despised here, be suffering, despised, neglected, "beyond the grave?" Shall it be counted as the clay of the potter, with the mire of the streets? Will the Great Lord of the vineyard leave the vintage full and ripe, gladdening to the heart, long tended and with selectest care from every foe, to the merciless rigor and killing frosts of winter? Clearing, planting, watering, pruning, watching, and not gathering the ripe harvest ready to fall into his rejoicing hands? All done but the last act, and all in vain for want of it?

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The Eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

Bryant.

PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR.

THE relations between a teacher and his pupil are more like those between a parent and child than any other. The mutual love, the authority, and corresponding obligation of the parties are similar. The tender and abiding interest which the teacher feels in the future welfare of the pupil is akin to that which glows unquenched in the bosom of the parent. The pleasure with which he marks the signs of early promise in his young protégé has the same paternal cast. The melting eye, the attentive ear, the meditating mind, the obliging disposition, the steadfast bent to whatsoever things are honest, good, and true—all these “are registered where every day he turns the leaf to read them.” When the youth must leave him to launch forth into the world for which he has been preparing, when the hour arrives in which he gathers up his slate and books, and taking a farewell look, half sportive, half serious, leaves his desk and chair to the next comer, does the teacher then forget the solicitude and hope with which he has accompanied him from term to term? Whose heart but answers, No? Year after year the same eye traces him from post to post, the same heart beats with joy at the news of his prosperity, sighs over his misfortunes, mourns and blushes at his failures, and keeps a jealous watch of the manner in which the trusts reposed in him are fulfilled. To the good teacher, no joy is greater than to see and to hear that his children walk in the truth. When one who has sat at his feet and waited on his lips for instruction, and grown wiser and better with every closing year, is prematurely cut down, his grief and bereavement are such as a stranger may not meddle with. He has not only one heart the less in this cold world to love him, but he has one the less to love and to pray for. The virtues of one such pupil, “passed into the skies” in the spring time of life, cluster about my memory now, and bespeak a tribute to her worth.

C. died just before she was eighteen, esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. She left few equals among those of her own age, in talent and general scholarship. There were three points in her character, imitable by all and well worth copying; her conscientiousness, her fear of grieving the Holy Spirit, and her habits of secret devotion.

Conscience took the lead in her character. She aimed to keep it void of offence. To its dictates she ever bowed. From her early childhood she had listened to its monitions. It grew with her growth, and gathered strength with time. The voice of the multitude could not charm her out of the narrow way, and make the worse appear the better reason. The monitor within was

never hushed, for her ear was open to its whispers and her hand ready to do its bidding. Her moral memory was retentive. She never forgot a duty. Her mouth was not filled with such specious and flimsy apologies as, "I did not think." She carried her conscientiousness into the details of life. It led her to improve her time, because it taught her that to waste her minutes was to sin against God. It kept her from listlessness in the hour of study, from being late after recess, from being tardy at school, from the *frivolous* interchange of thought with her companions, and from frittering away her hours in useless pursuits and pleasures that perish with the using. She not only never whispered, but she never did any thing in the school-room which violated the spirit of the prohibition. Look at her when you would, there she sat, calm, quiet, erect, and happy, all unconscious that your eye rested on her, or that she was doing any thing remarkable, gathering up fresh the manna of knowledge with ever new delight.

Her veracity, another off-shoot of her conscientiousness, contributed to make her an accurate scholar. She carried it into the recitation room. She would have considered it as sinful to answer a question in Natural Philosophy or Geography with a guess. In her code of morals, looking into a book, or repeating an answer from another's prompting, was deception and falsehood, and both hated and spurned. She knew no eye-service. She felt no servile dependence. She stood on her own feet and knew her own place. She could not do a mean thing, because she would know it herself. She was a comfort to her teacher in a class. If every one else failed, you knew there was one to fall back upon, who could give full, ready, and satisfactory answers to your questions. She never called good evil, and evil good. A long lesson was not a grievance, a required composition was not a matter of complaint, and school on a rainy day was not a sore trial.

She read and studied her Bible more than any other book. In it she found the promise of a Spirit who should lead into all truth. That Spirit she sought, and cherished His influences. To his guidance she desired to yield. She feared to grieve Him to leave her, more than any thing else. Hence the inward purity of her thoughts and emotions, and the gentleness of her manner, so characteristic of those who are led by His still small voice.

She loved to pray. For this duty she set apart time daily. She always, says her mother, had two seasons of private devotion a day, and she was uneasy unless she had a third. During many months in the year, she spent from half to three quarters of an hour in communion with God before the day dawned. Praying will make us leave sinning, or sinning will make us leave praying. She never intermitted the duty. Any interruption

which postponed it, marred her peace and sensibly disturbed her comfort. For years this duty had been to her a source of unfailing delight. She sought wisdom of God, she asked light for her understanding and food for her spirit; and He whose promises are Yea and Amen, did not turn her off with a stone or a scorpion.

She was clad in virtue. Her resources were well husbanded. There was no waste of sensibility or intellect. All that she had was capital, and capital well invested. The five talents committed to her by her Master, she occupied till they became ten. Her excellent scholarship came not so much from superior gifts, as from the regular gains of industry. It was not so much a birthright, as a conquest. Her possessions were the gradual accumulation of well directed efforts. She garnered up, day by day, facts, thoughts, and principles. They were deposited, little by little, accretion upon accretion, cell added to cell, without sound of hammer and all out of sight, but the foundation was broad and the structure admirable.

Political eminence and professional fame fade and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent, but virtue and personal worth. They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life; it points to another world. Political or professional fame cannot last for ever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. *Religion*, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe, in so terse but terrific a manner, as "living without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation.

A mind like Mr. Mason's, active, thoughtful, penetrating, sedate, could not but meditate deeply on the condition of man below and feel its responsibilities. He could not look on this wondrous frame —

"The universal frame, thus wondrous fair,"

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an Intelligence to which all other intelligence must be responsible. I am bound

to say, that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition of life, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a Supreme Being was with him made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man like him, with all his proper sentiments and sensibilities alive in him, must, in this state of existence, have something to believe and something to hope for ; or else as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart sinking and oppression. Depend upon it, whatever else may be the mind of an old man, old age is only really happy, when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it begins to lay a stronger hold on those of another. — *Hon. Daniel Webster.*

Stinted education is often scarce better, and sometimes even worse, than none. You would not trust a stripling, who had a few times driven a plane over a board, to make a piece of exquisite wainscoting, nor a man who had attended a few moot courts, to defend your life, or even property. Why, then, put incompetency into the sacred desk, or send for it to your sick bedside, though it be linked with honesty ever so pure ? Honesty is but a state of the will ; and if there is all virtue in the will, even to make up for weakness and ignorance, then it must be virtue at a distance as well as near at hand ; and you need not put your minister into the pulpit, nor call your physician from his own premises. Let them but *will*, and you are cured, body and soul.

Man is always improvable, though as far from always improving as the East is from the West. But to what extent his powers may be pushed, we do not know ; for, as no person ever passed the grave and returned to tell us the mysteries of eternity, so no man, in this respect, ever went to the farthest possible limit. Man is both an idle and an active being. Both elements are in his nature, so truly, that original sin is not more so. Certain it is, that mental sloth has infected the race, and that most persons could not let their powers slumber more profoundly, if they knew themselves destitute of all. Still, the Law of progress remains, and is written on all minds. It may be disobeyed, but cannot be effaced. It proves its existence, like other laws, most conclusively by its penalty.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOLAR.

GOLD cannot make, nor the want of it mar, the true poet. The "fine frenzy" is not caught from the yellow dust, either seen or looked for. The poet's gift can no more be heightened, than it can be purchased, with money. The Muse no more sells inspiration than did Peter to the sordid Simon Magus.

Nor can hunger make a poet. Want of bread may make one rave, but it cannot teach him to sing with the "divinely warbled voice." No doubt, many a native songster is too gross to sing well; and less bread would make him sing better. Over-feeding weighs down the body, which hunger and fasting may lighten and buoy up into the airy region of genuine song; but it requires that the man should have been a poet beforehand; else spare diet will do him no good. At all events, the necessity of writing for bread cannot inspire hard-bound brains with genius. We know that necessity is a hard and stern step-mother, and can do notable wonders; but she cannot make brick without straw.

Milton ascribes great efficacy to Fame, as raising the "clear spirit," to "scorn delights, and live laborious days." Doubtless, it is with multitudes a most powerful motive, and the more so, because few can be led to question the propriety of making it supreme. By it, man is roused to the utmost, and puts forth the power that is in him to the full. But Fame can only develop; it cannot create. It is only a motive; it is not a maker. As a motive, too, it savors strongly of earth. It is a sharp listener, but not for the voice of the Eternal. It is not the approbation of all-judging Heaven that it seeks, but the dying breath of worms, who may err equally when they smile and when they frown, and who, like the idols of old, can neither do good, nor can they do evil. It were indeed something, to choose out the wise and good, and, next after the plaudit of Heaven, but next by an infinite distance, to think somewhat of their judgment, and, perhaps, even as an index to God's. But those must be ass's ears, that are always stretched to catch the least breath of popular applause; and he must be poor, indeed, who is made richer by the common breath of the undistinguished many.

The true scholar, like the true poet, must have an inward and original inspiration. He must have a taste, to which knowledge is sweeter than honey, or the honey comb. He must be above pursuing learning for the sake of its pecuniary proceeds. He must wed his soul unto knowledge, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer; and be of a stuff to abide by his bargain, betide what may. The sideway glance at others' progress is not the stimulus of the true scholar. His pursuit of knowledge is

indeed a race, but not *with competitors*. The intrinsic charm of knowledge draws and fires him, and will not let him sleep. He would think and study alike, whether he were the cynosure of all learned eyes, or the unnoticed and unknown tenant of a hermitage.

There is such a thing as an intense and ruling passion for knowledge filling the soul, informing the life, and forever leading upwards and onwards unto the Omniscient One. Its exercise is perpetual luxury; its mounting is with eagle's wings; its track is light, and not darkness; its home is Heaven.

What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No! — *Men*, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:

These constitute a state,
And Sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be Men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Sir W. Jones.